# LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of BONNY'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

My heart sank as I remembered the incident of last evening, the evidently clandestine meeting in the shrubbery at Forest Lea. Could this journey be connected with that meeting, and could the timid, modest girl I had known at Forest Lea be capable of planning and carrying out secret arrangements, surrounded by so many difficulties in her circumstances? What did it mean?

The endless green panorama still flitted by; not a sound, save the occasional rustling of a newspaper, broke the silence of the railway carriage; the passengers were either sleepy or unsociable. An irrepressible desire to speak to Miss Branscombe possessed me—I could bear the situation no longer. I turned toward her with the paper I had been reading in my hand, intending to offer it to her. She was already occupied with a book—one of those thin paper-covered volumes bought at book-stalls—and she did not raise her eyes from it or otherwise appear to have noticed my movement. There was no doubt of her wish to ignore our previous acquaintance. And a conclusive further proof of her identity was given me in her dress, which I now had the opportunity of seeing more distinctly. It was of a brownish shade, and the pattern a little check—a simple girlish costume which I remembered she had worn in the morning of the day Col. Branscombe died. Could I forget the least detail connected with her?

A sudden inspiration flashed through my mind. Miss Branscombe had sought this method of communicating with me privately, away from her family circle, and the reserve she maintained was necessary for the moment in the presence of our fellow-passengers, some of whom might be known to her by sight at least. When the proper moment arrived she would explain herself. I my presence at Forest Lea might be urgently needed. Such testimony as I could give as to Miss Branscombe's movements might be of the utmost consequence if she was to be saved from some unknown villainy of Charlie Branscombe's. I shuddered at the thought of her possible danger in his hands, and urged my cabby to swifter speed over the rattling London streets.

James Rowton received me with open arms.

"Awfully glad you've come back, old man; the chief is still laid up, and I find myself up to my ears in work." The junior was not fond of work. "There's that case of Rose versus Emery—you know all about it, I suppose, and old Mrs. Entwistle's estate, and Sir Everard Brimbone's settlements—they are all on me like a pack of wolves. Morton, from Morton and White's, has been in three times today. Sir Everard wants the thing pushed on—marriage comes off at the end of the month. Wish people wouldn't get married! Fagged to death—ugh!"—rising and stretching himself. "Well, what's your news? Old man dead?"

"Yes," I said laconically, for his tone jarred upon me. "Colonel Branscombe's will is here"—pointing to my Gladstone bag. "We'd better take a copy, I suppose."

"Yes, I suppose so. What has the old fellow done—left everything to that rip of a nephew?"

"No," I answered unwillingly. Nora's name had become a sacred word to me, and I hesitated to pronounce it in such a presence.

"No? Then what has he done with the estate? I thought he had no other relations."

"He had a niece," I replied, fumbling for the key of my bag. "Oh, here it is!"—taking the key from my pocket. "Jennings must stay and make the copy, and send it down."

"A niece?" interrupted Rowton.

"IT WAS NO NA HERSELF."

knew what fruitless attempts she had already made to enlist me on her side.

This idea did not perhaps remove the primary and greatest difficulty of the situation, but I hailed it eagerly. It gave Miss Branscombe the loophole which my love demanded. I was content to wait my lady's pleasure—nay, I was more than content—I forgot all the doubts and fears which had harassed me a moment ago in the rapturous delight of the thought that she trusted me, she turned to me for help in her difficulties. A man in love will forgive any indiscretion of which he is himself the object and by which he profits.

The train sped on, the afternoon shadows lengthened. The express stopped at few stations on its rapid journey, and, as one after the other of these halting places was passed without a sign from Miss Branscombe, I began to conclude that her destination was the same as my own—or, was she only sitting out the fellow-passengers, not one of whom had left us?

The question was presently answered in a startling and unexpected manner. Molton, a large busy junction, was reached. We were on the point of leaving it again after a three minutes' halt, when Miss Branscombe, with a hurried glance at the platform, started to her feet, and before I could assist or prevent her, she had snatched her bag from the opposite seat, beckoned to a passing porter, and left the carriage as she had entered it—swiftly and suddenly.

I sprang after her.

"Just starting sir—time's up!" called the porter.

I gave little heed to the warning; but a stream of passengers just arrived by the branch line interposed between me and Miss Branscombe, the whistle of the express sounded, and the remembrance of Col. Branscombe's will, left behind me in the carriage, recalled me to my duty. I dashed back just in time, mad with disappointment and baffled curiosity, and regained my seat in a condition which roused my somnolent fellow-travelers.

"Young lady not coming back, sir?" said one of them, a portly squire, with a humorous twinkle in the corner of his eye. "She's left her clock and her book"—pointing to the latter where it lay on the floor. "Not coming back—eh!"

"I suppose not," I answered as indifferently as I could, stooping to pick up the dropped volume. On the fly-leaf was written in pencil the name "Nona Branscombe."

CHAPTER VII.

"Five minutes past four," I said to myself as I sprang out on to the platform at Euston Station. "I shall just have time to report myself at the office before Rowton leaves, get a feed somewhere, and catch the 6:30 back to Forest Lea. Here, hansom—as fast as you can drive to Chancery Lane!"

My plans had been rapidly formed in the time which elapsed between Miss Branscombe's disappearance at Molton Junction and my arrival at Euston. If Miss Branscombe intended to return to Forest Lea that night, reference to Bradshaw had shown me that it must be by the 6:30 train from town—there was no other stopping at Westford; and if she did not return from that mysterious errand—which I could no longer flatter myself was in any way connected with me—then "Who is she? Never heard of her. What's she like? Young or old? Does she come in for the land and all? Why don't you speak out, man?"

"I—I will in a moment," I rejoined. "What on earth is the matter with this key?"—holding it up to the light.

"Something in the barrel—dust, I dare say," suggested Rowton carelessly. "But about the niece—I'm interested, Fort. Is she young and beautiful, and an heiress?"

"It's the lock," I exclaimed; "the key's right enough, and yet the bag has scarcely been out of my sight. What the—" I stared at my partner, whilst I felt every vestige of color leaving my cheeks. "This bag isn't mine; it's—it's—look at this"—pointing to a half-effaced label of a foreign hotel adhering to the bottom of the Gladstone. "I have never been at Venice, and"—examining it more closely—"this is not my bag; the key doesn't fit."

"Whew—w!" whistled my partner. "A case of 'exchange no robbery.' You've bagged somebody else's, and he's bagged yours"—laughing at his own pun. "Awfully disgusted he'll be when he sees the documents."

"It's an impossibility," I ejaculated. "The bag was put into the carriage and taken out again by my own hands, and it never left my sight throughout the journey. It was on the opposite seat. I can swear there's been no mistake. It's a robbery! Send for the police."

The words died on my lips. A terrible suspicion darted into my mind. Nona Branscombe had carried a black bag—a Gladstone, the facsimile of mine—and I had deposited it beside my own on the vacant seat. In her precipitate flight she had taken the bag, leaving cloak and book behind her, and, as I remembered now, effectually covering up the Gladstone she had left. In her agitation she had evidently exchanged the bags by mistake.

"Robbery? Nonsense—it's a case of exchange!" persisted James Rowton. "Can't you remember who had the other? Did he come all the way?"

"Yes," I said confusedly, putting my hand to my head. "I remember; she got out at Molton."

"She!" echoed my partner. "Was it a woman? And with a Gladstone!"

"Yes," I answered, heartily vexed with myself for the involuntary admission, "it was a woman. I'll go back to Euston and wire to Molton at once. The mistake may have been discovered and my bag left there; and I will follow the message by the first train."

"Off again?" exclaimed Rowton ruefully. "There's a week's fag here"—pointing to a pile of documents which filled the table.

"Can't help it!" I retorted. "The funeral takes place the day after tomorrow. I must be present to read the will, take executor's instructions, and so on; and there is other business which must be attended to."

"Can't I run down?" proposed Rowton. "Is the heiress there? I should like to see her."

"I must find the will," I replied. "There's no time to be lost. The Colonel gave me special instructions; I am bound to be present—other things must wait."

"You're off then?" said Rowton, reluctantly. "Well, ta-ta, old fellow! Wire when you've got the bag. It's an awful joke, though—such a sell for the lady."

"Don't let the chief hear of it," I stopped to request as I left the office, the fatal bag in my hand—"it would upset him."

"All right," nodded the chief's nephew. "It was an awfully flat thing to do, you know, Fort—to let a woman run off with the old Colonel's will. And a steady-going fellow like you, too! Now, if it had been I—"

I stayed to hear no more. My hansom was waiting, and my Jarvie received his instructions to hurry back to Euston with the equanimity of his order. What did it matter if all the world had gone mad so long as his fare was a good one?

My message was soon dispatched, and whilst I waited for the answer I made my way to the refreshment room. But, notwithstanding my long fast, I was too fevered and excited to eat, and could only swallow a glass of wine and break a biscuit. Then I hovered impatiently about the door of the telegraph office, musing on the complication which this unlucky accident had brought into the whole affair.

(To be continued.)

## CARD-PLAYING STORIES.

**They Must Have Been "Perfect Ladies" in Those Days.**

One of the most notorious female gamblers of the eighteenth century was Miss Pelham, the daughter of the prime minister, says Temple Bar. She not only ruined herself at cards, but would have beggared her sister Mary as well had not their friends intervened and insisted on the sisters separating. Horace Walpole gives a pitiful account of "poor Miss Pelham sitting up all night at the club without a woman, losing hundreds a night and her temper and beating her head." Another writer says that the unhappy woman often played with the tears streaming down her cheeks. Lady Mary Compton, an old maiden lady, a contemporary of Miss Pelham and, like her, addicted to gambling, had the same propensity to tears. When she lost, we are told, she wept bitterly—"not for the loss itself," she was careful to explain, "but for the unkindness of the cards." Both ladies, when luck went against them, lost their tempers, as did many others, and among them Mrs. Clive. The actress, after her retirement from the stage, lived at Twickenham, in a cottage lent her by Horace Walpole. The place had then a reputation for quiet card parties. In Montpelier row lived four aged dames, known in the neighborhood as Manille, Spadille, Basto and Pimto; terms drawn for the game of quadrille. They were accustomed to assemble every night at each other's houses to play cards. On the first of the month each in turn gave a grand party. A relative of one of the ladies has left an account of one of these functions at which he was present. Mrs. Clive was one of the guests and happened to have for her opponent an old lady with very white hair, who in the course of the game displayed two black aces. There upon Mrs. Clive flew in a rage and screamed: "Two black aces! Here! take your money, though I wish instead I could give you two black eyes, you old white cat!"

## BOSTON WARMED UP.

**Whole Audience Was On Its Feet, Sobbing and Singing.**

The major had just returned from Boston, where he was present at the Decoration day services in the Boston theater, says the Philadelphia Press. "It lays away over any similar celebration I ever saw," he said. "There was nothing mushy or hackneyed about it. It was the real thing. I never imagined possible such genuine sweeping emotion as was awakened by the singing of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.' I always knew it to be the greatest thing of its kind ever written, but it never had a fair chance before. It's the one poem—for it's a poem—that can make me cry. I'm a blatant fool every time I hear it. If Boston's cold that song thawed it and heated it to a wild volcano on Tuesday. There was the packed, still house. Myron W. Whitney started to sing. First he bowed to a box and then we first recognized Mrs. Howe seated by the Misses Wheeler. You should have heard the yell. When Vic celebrated her 80th birthday a few days before she got an ovation equal to that given this octogenarian. You could see the splendid white head trembling; then her voice joined in as Whitney sung:

"'In the glory of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,'

and by the time he had reached the words,

"'As He died to make men holy let us die to make men free,'

the whole vast audience was on its feet sobbing and singing at the top of its thousands of lungs. If volunteers were really needed for the Philippines McKinley could have had us right there."

## BEECHER'S METHOD.

**How He Learned a Great Deal in His Spare Moments.**

Mr. Beecher told me once his method of preparing scientific illustrations, writes Wayland Hoyt in the Homiletic Review. He said he would hear of or become interested in some fresh scientific fact. He would take that fact and go into his library with it, would read about and study it in all its ascertainable relations; would as thoroughly as possible acquaint himself with it, and think out its religious aptitudes. "You make notes of your results?" I asked. "No," he said. "I acquaint myself with it so thoroughly that I am perfectly certain that if, in discussing any subject, I come within ten miles of what I have thus acquainted myself with, the laws of association will bring it all and immediately up to me." I do not give all his exact words, but I do give some of them and the general trend of all. Mr. Beecher told me once that he had read the whole twelve volumes of Mr. Froude's "History of England," in the moments of waiting while his family were gathering at the daily meals, and you may be sure that, though these volumes were read thus fragmentarily, they were read thoroughly. Out of such wide, deep general preparation Mr. Beecher's particular sermons sprang.

**Second Thought.**

"Faugh! he is of ze canaille! I hate heem. Louee, hear-r-r me—I will smash hees hat!" "No, Henri, do not do eet. Zey will send you to ze prisone for four-r-r years!" "Ah, zen I will smash a hat zat ees like hees!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**What the Minister Said.**

Jingso—"What did the minister say when the plate came up?" Hingso—"He said he wouldn't mind so much if the buttons were all alike."—Syracuse Herald.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

### SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

**A Variety of Jokes, Gibes and Ironies, Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.**

**Song of the Amateur Yachtsman.**

No bolder sailor ever strode
The promenade deck than I;
No better craft the billows rode,
Than my schooner Lorelli;
That is to say, when I'm ashore,
And gaze at the Lorelli;
But when by heavy billows bore—
No sicker salt than I.
—Philadelphia North American.

**Glad to Take It, Too.**

Angy New—Yes, I quarreled with the leading man, and as all the others in the company sided with him, I resigned.

Sue Brette—But didn't any one take your part?

Angy New—Only my understudy.—Stray Stories.

**Or Grabs?**

Do the "Rainy Daisies" wear short skirts to secure themselves from "hold-ups" on wet days?

**Sure.**

Maude O'Callahan—Say, Tilly, it muss be great ter be rich like dat gurl an' have fine dresses an' t'ings.

Tilly—Yes, I s'pose dat's so, but yer looses yer inderpendence. Yer couldn't go out of de house widout yer ma or somebody ter lead yer around like a poodle dog.

**What Made Him Tired.**

The other day, toward the close of a long sitting in the Assize Courts, when another case was called on, the leading counsel rose and huskily requested that the case might be postponed till the next morning.

"On what ground?" asked the judge snappishly.

"Me Lud, I have been arguing a case all day in Court B, and am completely exhausted."

"Very well," said the judge; "we'll take the next."

Another counsel arose and also pleaded for adjournment.

"What, are you exhausted, too?" inquired the judge, with a snap of the eyelids. "What have you been doing?"

"Me Lud," said the barrister, in a wearied voice, "I have been listening to my learned brother."—Tid-Bits.

**A Glorious Life.**

Storekeeper—Don't you find farming a very lonesome and cheerless life, Mr Hayseed?

Mr. Hayseed—Lonesome and cheerless? Why, I git up in the morning and milk a few cows; then comes breakfast, and from that time till dark there's lots of work to do.

Storekeeper—How do you amuse yourself after supper?

Mr. Hayseed—Oh, I sit out on the porch when the weather is fine and smoke my pipe and listen to the corn growing, and then I go to bed.

**Sure Death.**

Mrs. Cobwigger—I'm afraid something has happened Freddie. I haven't seen anything of him since morning.

Cobwigger—Nonsense! He's only having a good time with his firecrackers.

Mrs. Cobwigger—No, he isn't. I would not let him have such things. I bought him one of those harmless toy pistols.

Cobwigger—Run, woman, and get me my hat. I guess he's down at the morgue before this.

**An Object Lesson.**

Jaggles—Why do you call your boy patriotic?

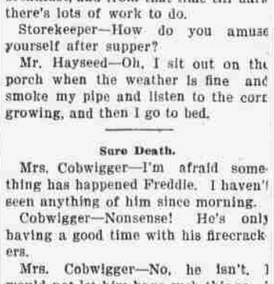
Waggles—Because when the doctor got through covering him with strips of plaster he had enough stars and stripes on him to make a flag.

**The Reason.**

Browne—Why did Smith knock over his daughter's suitor and then throw him down the steps?

Towne—I believe he objected to the young man because the latter was not a member of the church.

**The Consultation.**



Dr. Skinnem—Have you made a careful X-ray examination of the patient?

Assistant—I have; here is the chart. It shows in all seventy-two cents in change distributed in various pockets; also a key and a meal ticket.

Dr. Skinnem—Um! I see. Tell him we don't care to treat him.

**The Epitaph.**

The Fourth to celebrate with fun
A pistol seemed the best.
He bought one for his little son,
And Willie did the rest.

**A Timely Arrival.**

Jaggles—Are the Browns going to celebrate the Fourth?

Waggles—Sure. Their fourth is a boy.

## THE HEAVIEST B. & O. TRAIN.

When the receivers of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad began the now famous series of improvements of the physical condition of the entire system, their object was to increase both the train load and the number of revenue tons per mile and at the same time reduce the cost of transportation. Much has been done, and by the lowering of grades, elimination of curves, laying of new steel rails and the purchase of heavy motive power they have very materially added to the number of cars per train. But it was not until the 17th of March last that a demonstration was made of what might be expected of the new Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Enough new 50-ton capacity steel cars had been delivered to give the operating department a chance to experiment. Fifty steel cars, each weighing 34,000 pounds, were loaded with an average of 98,000 pounds of coal. To them was coupled a new 22x28 inch consolidation locomotive weighing 168,700 pounds and having 54 inch driving wheels. The start was made from Cumberland, Md., and the destination was Brunswick, Md., on the second division. In his report General Superintendent Fitzgerald says the train was pulled with comparative ease and that the class of engines used will be able to handle 50 cars of 50 tons capacity each on that division without trouble. Hitherto the train load on that division has been 325 units of 6½ tons each or about 2,200 tons, a 40 per cent increase over that of five years ago. The 50 car train was computed as containing 497 units, or 6,468,100 pounds gross. The net weight of coal in the train was 4,758,100 pounds. It was by far the heaviest train ever handled over the line and demonstrated that heavy power, modern equipment with safety appliances, and a good track, mean more revenue tons per mile and a decreased cost of transportation.

**Mark Twain's Peculiarities.**

Mark Twain has an intense dislike for clothes, and if it were possible would remain in his pajamas day in and day out. And whenever he can do so he eats breakfast in them, receives his friends and works in them. His favorite mode of writing is to lie flat on the floor on his stomach in his pajamas with a pipe in his mouth. When on lecture tours he never gets out of his sleeping clothes until it is time to go to hall or opera house. When the fit strikes him he likes exercise, and then with his customary shamble will shuffle along for miles and exhaust his most athletic companion. But he feels far more at home in his pajamas than in a street suit or evening clothes, and in them he remains as great a part of the day as Mrs. Clemens will allow him.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Changes in London Posts.**

London's postal department has decided to expend the sum of £200,000 on a scheme which makes provision for dealing more efficiently with the ever increasing postal work in the city and provides better accommodation for the telegraph and postoffice staffs. Three new buildings will be erected at once. The east block of the St. Martin le Grand buildings will be demolished and a new structure will be erected suited to modern requirements. This will involve an expenditure of £150,000. The department has also purchased business premises in many streets, which will be demolished and handsome buildings erected which are designed to accommodate 3,000 telegraph clerks. This will also give space for dining and cloak rooms for these men. A large postoffice will be built in the East Strand.

**Going to Bed.**

No matter how busy one may be, it is quite possible to always find time to attend to one's toilet at night. One should not simply drop one's clothes and tumble into bed, else neither one's self nor the clothes will look attractive in the morning. Have plenty of hot water and give your face a thorough laving. The result will be as refreshing as an hour's sleep. Brush the hair, it will be glossier and thicker for the trouble, and your nerves will be soothed by the process. Then drink a glass of hot milk, weak cocoa, or even hot water, eating a biscuit or a bit of toast, if you like. When the small supper is finished you will be ready to go to sleep without any insomnia cure, and in the morning you will waken refreshed and thoroughly in good humor with yourself and the world.

**Human Hair Statistics.**

It is a curious fact that red-haired people are far less apt to become bald than those whose hirsute covering is of another hue. The average crop on the head of the red-haired person is said to be only about 30,000 hairs. Ordinary dark hair is far finer, and over three dark hairs take up the space of one red one; 105,000 are about the average. But fair-haired people are still better off; 140,000 to 160,000 are quite a common number of hairs on the scalp of a fair-haired man or woman. A curious calculation has been made, to the effect that the hairs on the head of a fair-haired person, if they could be plaited together, would sustain a weight of something like eighty tons, equaling that of five hundred people.

**Put-In-Bay, O., and Return.—The Trip of the Season.**

On August 14th the Clover Leaf route will run an excursion to Put-in-Bay, under the auspices of the Epworth League. A special train will be provided, consisting of sleepers, chair cars and coaches. Tickets will be good for return until August 28th. The rate will be only $19.50 for the round trip, including breakfast at Toledo, and one week's board at Hotel Victory, Put-in-Bay. Tickets not including board will be $9.00 for the round trip. A number of attractive side trips have also been arranged, taking in Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Thousand Islands.

For further particulars, address J. E. Davenport, Dist. Pass. Agt. 505 Olive St., St. Louis.

**The "Troubadour."**

The bicycle has reached another phase of the constant development through a novel and highly interesting invention, which consists of a musical instrument which may be attached to any bicycle, and which plays in a loud and melodious manner when the wheel is set in motion. This instrument is fittingly called the "troubadour," after wandering musicians of the middle ages. It has one excellent feature; it will be beneficial in a hygienic respect, as excessively fast riding will be prevented, as the music is only distinct when a moderate pace is chosen.

**The Custom of Dharma.**

The science of sociology explains many curious questions which might at first glance appear to have no foundation in reason. The practice of dharma in India, for instance, has recently been the subject of special study by Dr. S. R. Steinmetz. This custom is many centuries old and seems difficult to explain. When a debtor fails to pay his debts, his creditor goes and sits before his door, and remains there, refusing to eat a morsel until he is paid. If the debtor does not pay, the creditor will actually starve himself to death. It would seem at first sight that a really heartless debtor might not be moved in this manner; but the usefulness of the custom becomes at once apparent when it is known that if the creditor actually dies of starvation in front of his debtor's door, the latter is held guilty of murder, and after the manner of the country, the family of the dead men are entitled to kill the debtor on sight.

**The Papers of the World.**

A statistician has learned that the annual aggregate circulation of the papers of the world is calculated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp any idea of this magnitude, we may state that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface; that it is printed on 781,250 tons of paper; and further, that if the number, 12,000,000,000, represented, instead of copies seconds, it would take over 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement, we might press and pile them vertically upward to gradually reaching our highest mountains; topping all these and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 490, or, in round numbers, 500 miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading his paper in the day (this is a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether occupy time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.

**Mortality in the French Army.**

A recent number of Le Journal Official of Paris publishes a report of the minister of war to President Faure concerning the sanitary condition of the French army, maintained for a period of ten years, including 1897. After showing what means have been taken to preserve the health of the garrisons, as well as of the colonial troops, the report shows that for the year 1896 and 1897 there were less deaths in the French army than for any other twelve months in times of peace. The mortality, which was 10.55 for every 1,000 in 1875 fell in 1896 and 1897 to 4.56. Another important point in the report shows that the garrisons which cannot be supplied with natural, pure water have elaborate and adequate apparatus for distilling the liquid in infinite quantities. These apparatus are portable, and are easily taken with the troops on their maneuvers.

**Pope Leo's Table.**

The strictest economy is practiced by Leo XIII. with regard to his own table. This, however, is a small matter, for his tastes are simple. The Pontiff's milk supply is obtained from cows and goats kept in the Vatican gardens and his wine is the product of a vineyard he planted. The latter has, in the last year, yielded so abundantly that there is a surplus for sale. Moreover, the Pope receives frequent presents of the best French wines. His expenditures on coffee, meat, pasta (of which in soup, he is fond), bread (one cent per day) and vegetables that cannot be grown in his own garden has been reduced to about $1.50 per day. The daily account is a very odd document, and is very carefully scrutinized by the Pontiff.

**Xerxes' Army.**

Xerxes, the king of Persia, was the eldest son of the great Darius. In his expedition against the Greeks, Herodotus states that the whole number of his fighting force amounted to nearly 2,500,000 men, and the fleet consisted of 1,207 ships of war, besides 3,000 smaller vessels. These numbers were considerably increased by recruits from the countries through which he passed on his way to Greece, until (according to the same authority) the total number amounted to more than 6,000,000. Although this is doubtless an exaggerated statement, all authorities agree that it was the largest multitude ever brought together for any purpose in the world.

**Curious Rentals.**

Blenheim palace, though practically the property of the Duke of Marlborough, is held from the crown on a peculiar tenure—namely, the annual presentation to the reigning monarch of a French flag. The dukes of Wellington pay the same tribute for Strathfieldsaye, but whereas the Blenheim flag is the Bourbon white sown with fleur-de-lis, that of Strathfieldsaye is the tricolor. The two ensigns are fixed opposite to one another in Windsor castle, shadowing most approriately the stump of the Victory's mast, and in close proximity to the Waterloo chamber.

**A Mammoth Egg.**

An egg of most gigantic size was found in a guano bed on the island of Madagascar, about twenty-five years ago. The shell of this egg will hold almost exactly two gallons of liquid, which would make its capacity equal to 148 average-sized eggs laid by the common barnyard fowl. The bird which laid this mammoth egg is now extinct, and has been for 200 years. To the scientist—who recognizes it by its bones and eggs—it is known as the epiornis, and its restored skeletons prove it to have been a bird at least twelve feet in height.

**Climate and Complexion.**

Climate has a great effect on the color of the complexion. For example, the Caucasians are of all complexions, according to the climate, but white is the natural color. Thus a native of northern Europe is fair, of central, less so, of southern, swarthy; a Moor, more so; an Arab, olive, and a Hindu nearly black. Such of the Hindu women as have never been exposed to the sun are as fair as the inhabitants of the south of Europe.

**Room at the Top.**

A glance at the advertising columns of a weekly newspaper largely patronized by theatrical people creates the impression that no really talented person in that profession need remain long out of employment. The limitless variety of opportunities offers a chance in almost any line. A "boss chandelier man" is offered $40 a week "and found."

**Chances of Woman's Life.**

An expert in vital statistics gives this as the result of his observations: Of 1,000 women at the age of 20, 940 live ten years more, thus 96 in 100 live ten years more and 6 do not; the chance at the age of 20 of a woman living to the age of 30 being, therefore, nearly 16 to 1 in favor of living. Similarly, of 1,000 women living at the age of 30, 806 live twenty years more; so that we may say that 80 in 100 live to the age of 50 and that 20 do not; the chance at the age of 30 of a woman living to the age of 50 being, therefore, 4 to 1 in favor of living. Again, of 1,000 women living at the age of 60, 250 live twenty years more—that is, 25 in 100 live to the age of 80, and 75 in 100 do not; the chance at the age of 60 of a woman living to 80 being 1 in 4.

**Cryptic Masons at Pike's Peak.**

On the occasion of the above meeting, August 7th to 12th, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad will make a rate of one fare for the round trip from Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo to all points in Colorado and to Salt Lake City. This will be an excellent opportunity for an outing in the Rockies. For particulars, call on Agents or write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colo.

**The Smallest Inhabited Islands.**

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which the Eddystone Lighthouse stands. At low water it is 30 feet in diameter; at high water the lighthouse, whose diameter at the base is 28 3-4 feet, completely covers it. It is inhabited by three persons. It lies nine miles off the Cornish coast and fourteen miles southwest of Plymouth Breakwater. Flatholme, an island in the British channel, is only a mile and a half in circumference, but, consisting mostly of rich pasture land, supports a farmhouse besides the lighthouse, with a revolving light 165 feet above the sea.

**Oklahoma**

Offers splendid inducements to homeseekers. The Frisco Line reaches the most important localities in the territory, and takes you through to Oklahoma City without change of cars. It is the shortest and most desirable route. Write for descriptive literature to Bryan Snyder, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

**Essay on Mouths.**

Some mouths look like peaches and cream, and some look like a hole chopped into a brick wall to admit a new door or window. The mouth is a hotbed of toothaches, the bunghole of oratory, and a baby's crowning glory. It is the patriotism's fountain head and the tool chest for pie. Without it the politician would be a wanderer on the face of the earth, and the cornetist would go down to an unhonored grave. It is the grocer's friend, the orator's pride and the dentist's hope.—Monmouth Spring Monitor.

**Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease.**

A powder to shake in your shoes. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**In France.**

Not long ago a Frenchman died, and a clause in his will set forth his desire to be conveyed to his last resting-place in a motor car arranged as a hearse. Near Marseilles there has just taken place a christening of a new order. The christening party consisted of nine persons, and they were conveyed to church by a motor brake.

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kan., Dec. 12, '95.

**Desert Land Made Fruitful.**

No fewer than 12,000,000 acres of land have been made fruitful in the Sahara desert, an enterprise representing perhaps the most remarkable example of irrigation by means of artesian wells which can anywhere be found.


**Mrs. Col. Richardson SAVED BY MRS. PINKHAM.**

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 72,896]

"You have saved my life, snatched me from the brink of the grave almost, and I wish to thank you. About eighteen months ago I was a total wreck, physically. I had been troubled with leucorrhœa for some time, but had given hardly any attention to the trouble.

"At last inflammation of the womb and ovaries resulted and then I suffered agonies, had to give up my profession (musician and piano player), was confined to my bed and life became a terrible cross. My husband summoned the best physicians, but their benefit was but temporary at best. I believe I should have contracted the morphine habit under their care, if my common sense had not intervened.

"One day my husband noticed the advertisement of your remedies and immediately bought me a full trial. Soon the pain in my ovaries was gone. I am now well, strong and robust, walk, ride a wheel, and feel like a girl in her teens. I would not be without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it is like water of life to me. I am very gratefully and sincerely your well-wisher, and I heartily recommend your remedies. I hope some poor creature may be helped to health by reading my story."—MRS. COL. E. P. RICHARDSON, RHINELANDER, WIS.

**Does Your Head Ache?**

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.

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From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.

If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease.

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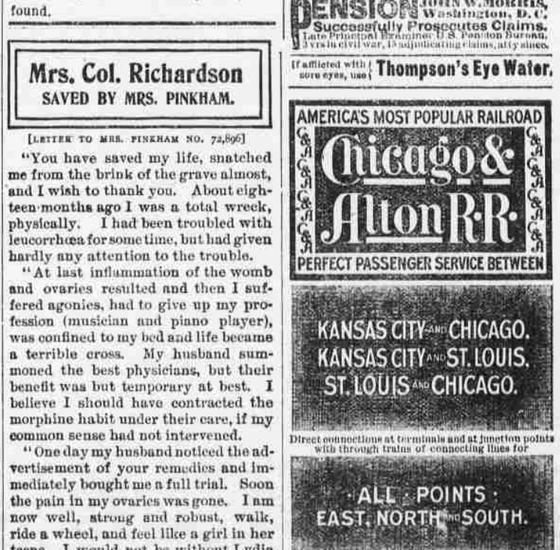


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